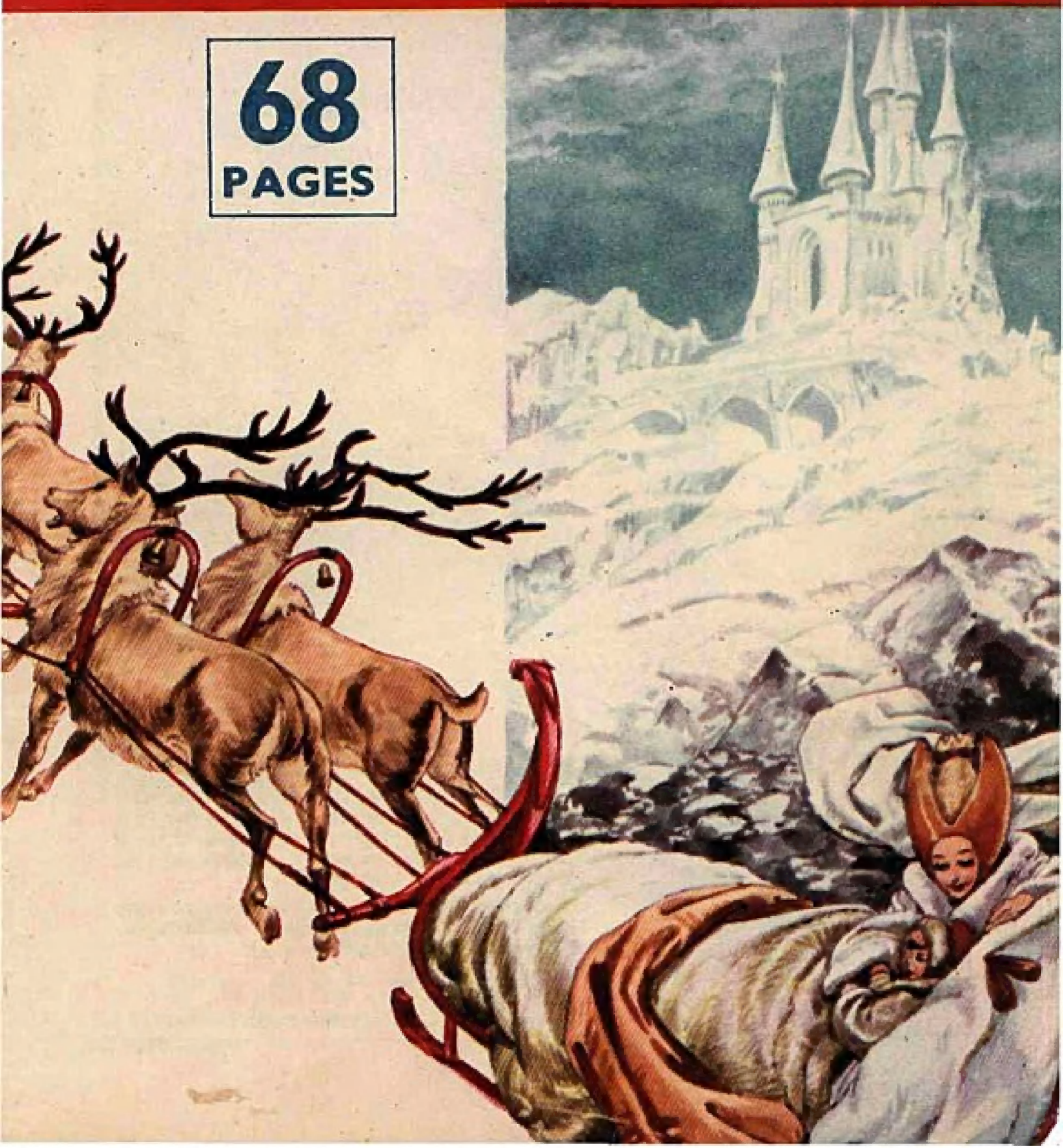


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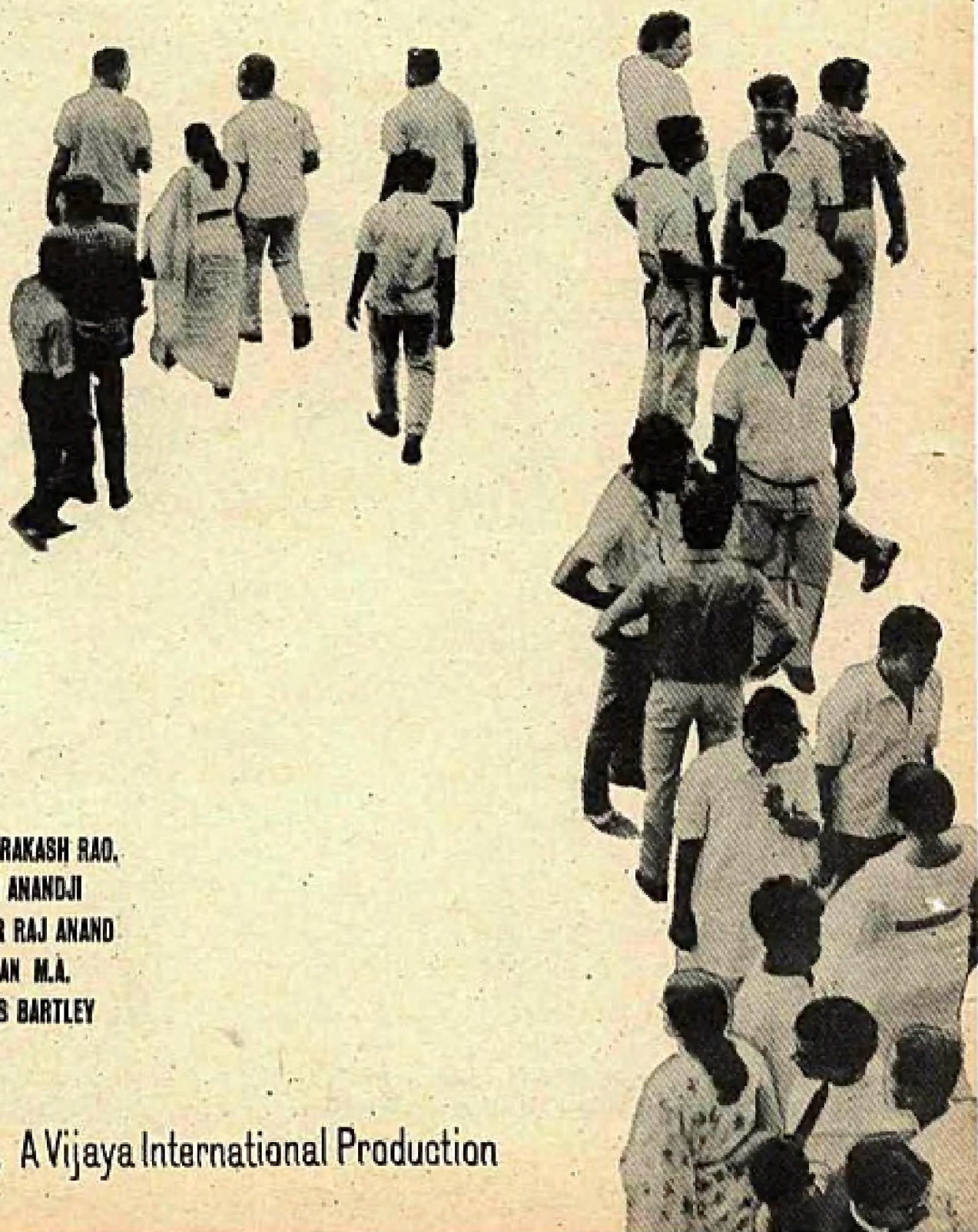
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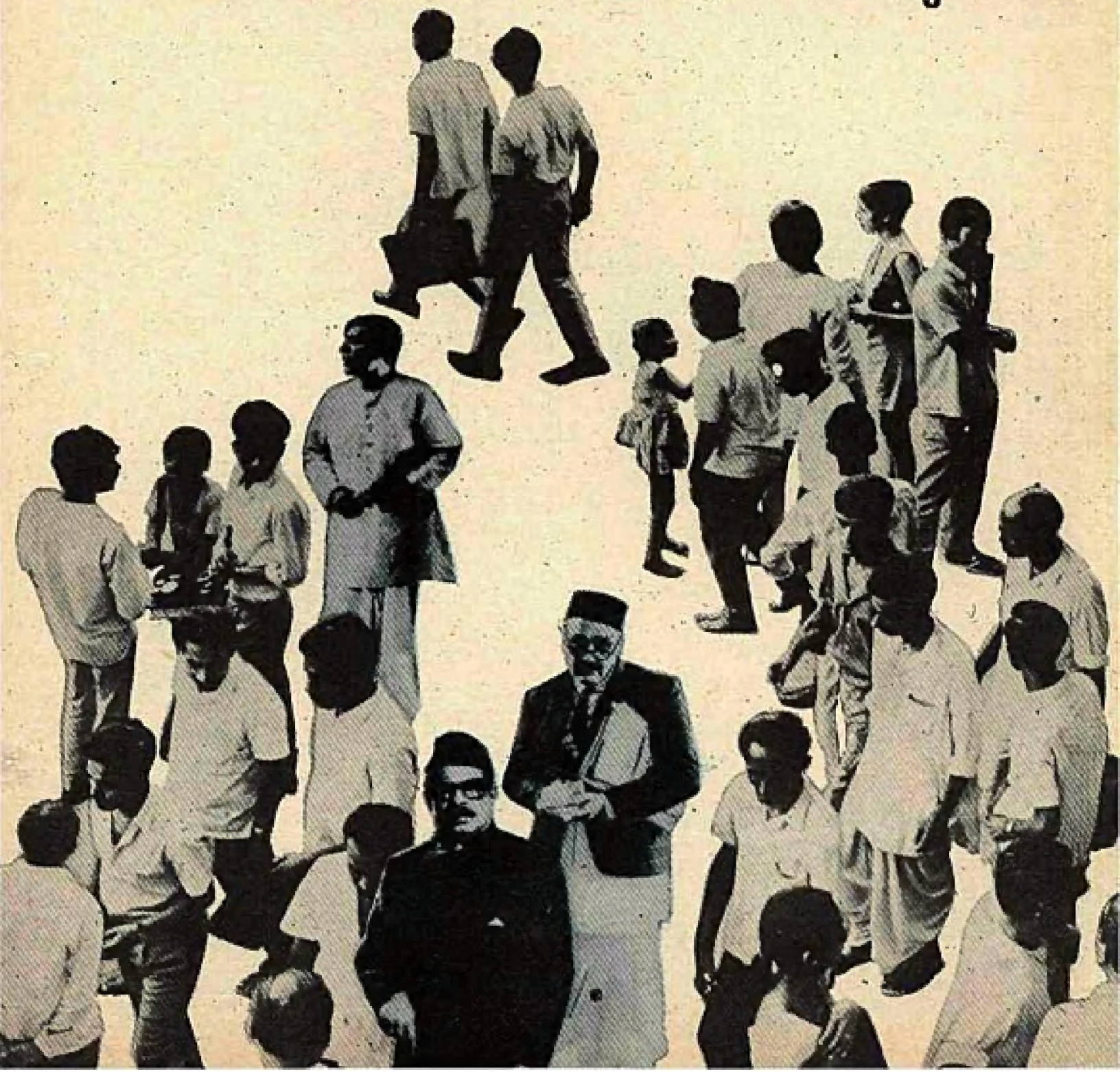
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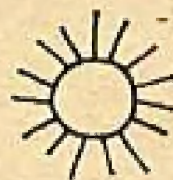


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You have probably heard of Lilliput, the land that never was. This is where the Lilliputians lived. A race of very small people, in fact, a fully grown man was only six inches in height. But wait, you can see and read all about the Lilliputians in our picture story commencing in this issue. The story is 'Gulliver's Travels,' based on the book written by Jonathan Swift, more than two hundred years ago.

The history of the ancient Greek Empire, like that of India, goes back several thousands of years and both dynasties abound with endless legends and myths. The theme of the great Greek poet Homer's epic the 'Odyssey,' tells of the wanderings of Odysseus, and in this issue we bring you the story of the encounter between Odysseus and Polyphemus the one-eyed monster Cyclops.

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LEGENDS OF MANY LANDS

THE ONE-EYED MONSTER

Imagine an enormous giant as big as a mountain with a single eye, under a bushy eyebrow, glittering menacingly. Monsters like this appeared in Greek mythology and were called Cyclopes.

They are supposed to have lived on Mount Etna with Hephaestus, the god of volcanoes. But the fire which Hephaestus represents was not destructive but beneficial. It enabled men to work metal.

Hephaestus, therefore, was a divine blacksmith who made fine things and taught men the mechanical arts.

His companions were the mighty Cyclopes, who made the bellows of his furnace roar. Others, raising one by one their heavy hammers, struck great blows at the molten bronze and iron they drew from the furnace.

The best known among them was Polyphemus, who lived with his friends in isolated caverns:

killling and eating any strangers who came near his home.

When Odysseus, the king of Ithaca, was returning from a voyage to Troy, a famous city of legendary Greek history, he and his friends were captured by Polyphemus.

Odysseus did not remain a prisoner for long. He conceived a cunning plan. First he made the one-eyed monster drunk and then blinded him by plunging a sharpened, burning stake into his single eye. Then the Greek heroes escaped by tying themselves under the bellies of rams. Hidden in this fashion, they got away from the cavern in which Polyphemus had imprisoned them.

Before this happened, Polyphemus had tried to win the love of Nereid Galatea, a goddess of the sea. Each day he sent her a present of a bear or an elephant.

But Galatea was in love with a shepherd named Acis, the son

The terrifying one-eyed monster loomed over Odysseus and his friends, but the Greek heroes used cunning to escape from the mighty Oyclopes.



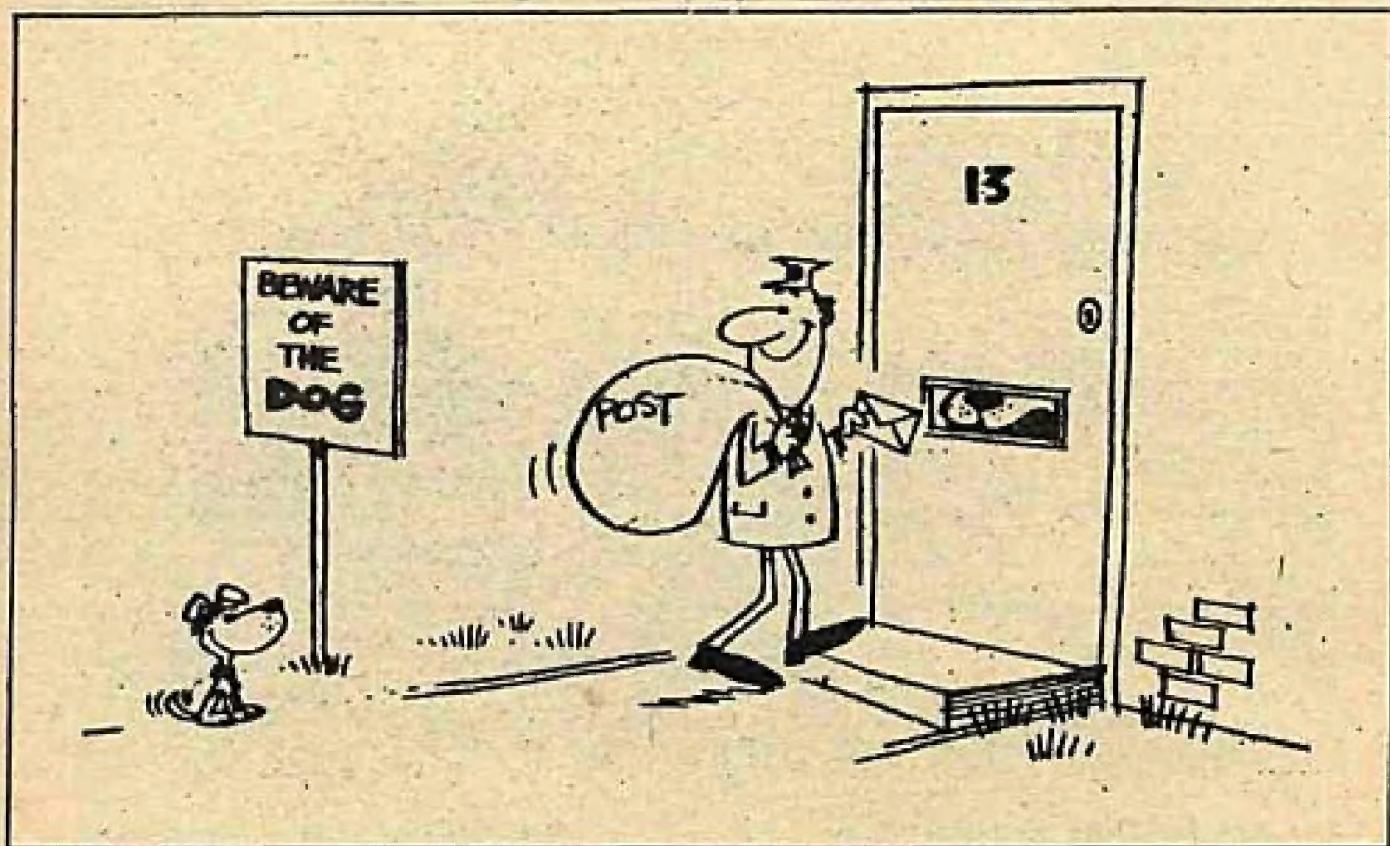
of a sea-maiden. One day, these two lovers were talking in a hollow grotto, when Polyphemus surprised them.

In a fearful rage, Polyphemus raised an enormous boulder and crushed Acis beneath it. But Acis did not die, for the gods came to his aid and turned him into a river.

Polyphemus was a companion of Hephaestus, the son of Zeus, king of the gods, and Hera. When Hera saw that Hephaestus was lame, stumbled when he walked and had a dislocated hip, she threw him from the heights of Olympus into the sea where he was adopted by two water nymphs.

For them, he forged a thousand wonderful objects, but all the time he was preparing a cunning revenge on his mother, Hera. With great skill and artistry, he made a golden throne, which Hera was delighted to receive one day.

She sat on it with delight, but when she tried to rise, invisible bands gripped her firmly. Many gods tried to free her. However, only Hephaestus was able to remove the bands. But he would not leave the depths of the ocean to do so until he was given the loveliest of goddesses for his bride. From then on, there was peace between Hera and her son.





THE PRINCE AND THE LIONS

Many, many long years ago, the crown prince of Persia was handsome, intelligent and kind hearted, but alas, he was a coward. When he was twenty years of age, his father, the King died, and preparations were made for the crown prince to be crowned.

But in ancient Persia, there was a custom that the future ruler had to prove his courage by fighting a ferocious lion in the arena. The public were invited to this savage spectacle, which had to take place one week before the coronation.

The mere thought of having to face a lion frightened the prince till he could neither eat nor sleep. If he did manage to fall asleep, he would have terrible nightmares of roaring man-eating lions, and wake up screaming.

His horror grew day by day, and in the end the crown prince decided to flee. So one night he saddled his favourite horse, and silently rode away from the palace.

For days he travelled through the countryside, staying at wayside inns, letting it be known that he was but a merchant. Then one day the prince came to a delightful valley of rich green fields, ornate trees and an endless variety of colourful wild flowers.

In a nearby pasture, studded with grazing sheep, sat a shepherd boy, whiling away the time by playing lilting tunes on a flute.

Riding up to the boy, the prince asked him where he could obtain shelter for the night.

"My master is a good man,"



replied the boy. "His house is over yonder and he always makes strangers welcome."

When the prince arrived at the house of the boy's master, he was indeed made welcome, and it was such a happy and peaceful household, the prince resolved to stay for several days.

Each morning the prince would roam the countryside with the shepherd boy, tending the flock of sheep, and would be content for hours just listening to the many tunes the boy played on his flute.

Late one afternoon, as the prince and the shepherd boy were sitting under a tree, they

heard shouts in the distance of Lion!, Lion!, Lion!

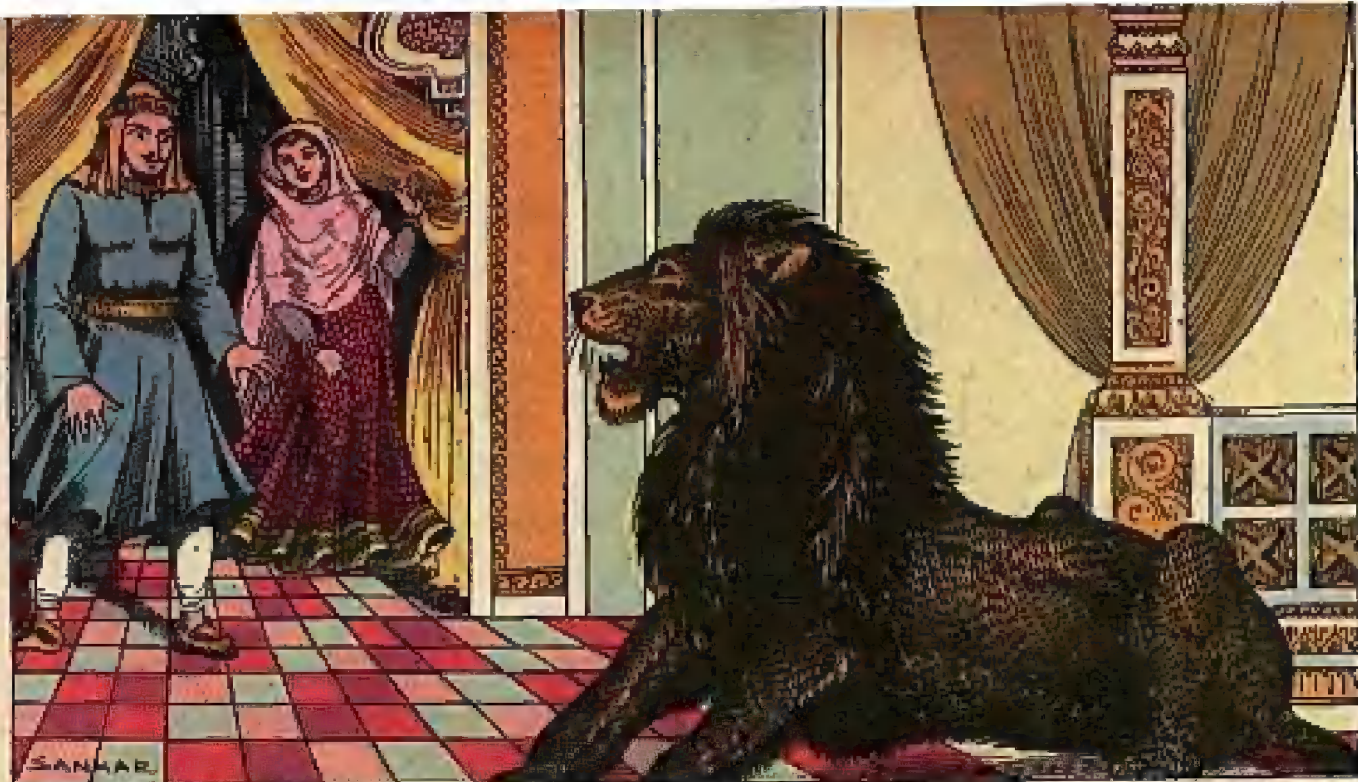
"Let us go and help to kill the lion," cried the boy eagerly. But the prince was paralysed with fear, and begged the boy to stay. But the boy, who had no fear of wild animals, jumped to his feet and ran across the fields, anxious not to miss the thrill of a lion hunt.

The prince trembling in every limb, climbed the tree under which they had been sitting, and took refuge in the leafy branches, well above the ground.

Later the prince heard triumphant shouts, and from his hiding place, could see the villagers wending their way home, with the dead lion slung on a pole.

The prince was shamed by his own conduct. Here he was a grown man, terrified at the mention of the word lion, whilst a young boy eagerly ran to hunt the lion. Stricken with remorse, the prince, without a farewell to anyone, mounted his horse and rode away.

On his travels, the prince encountered a troop of soldiers, busy searching for a lion that had caused a lot of havoc in nearby villages.



The commander of the troop invited the prince to join them, and he could hardly refuse. As they rode along, the prince marvelled as to how these soldiers could be happy to face a ferocious lion without reward, when he could not face one even to gain a kingdom.

Sad in spirit, the prince deliberately lagged behind the troop of soldiers, and when he saw the opportunity, turned his horse into the forest and gladly galloped away.

Eventually the prince came to a small kingdom, ruled by a king with a lovely daughter. Here again the prince found a ready welcome.

The princess was a delightful companion, and the prince soon found a new sense of happiness. One evening as they were idly

talking, the prince was startled at a loud roar in the adjoining room.

"Good heavens, what was that?" cried the prince.

"That was only my black fellow yawning," smiled the princess.

The prince thought that the princess meant it was some negro servant, and he was happy to dismiss that disquietening roar from his mind.

As they said goodnight, the princess opened the door of the adjoining room. The prince was petrified with fright. There, staring at him was the biggest lion he had ever imagined!

"Do not be frightened," begged the princess. "My lion is as tame as a dog. Come and stroke him."

With the princess at his side, the prince found a new courage, and was soon petting the lion, which was as playful as a puppy.

That very night the prince realised what an abject fool he had been, and decided that he would return to his kingdom immediately and face a dozen lions if necessary.

When he got back to his palace, everyone was overjoyed to see him, and were gladly surprised when he made it known that he would face the lion in the arena, at dawn the following day.

The prince felt no qualms when he walked into the arena, armed with just a short spear and a shield. When the lion was released from its cage, it made straight for the prince.

Unmoved, the prince stood his ground ready for the encounter. But to his surprise,

when the lion came close, it waved its tail and purred like a cat. It was a tame friendly beast.

This secret of a tame lion had been kept from the prince, in accordance with ancient custom.

At the coronation of the prince, all those who had befriended him in his wanderings were invited, including the shepherd boy, and of course, the lovely princess.

Many costly gifts were presented to the newly crowned ruler. When the king, the father of the princess, bowed before the throne, he said, "Your majesty, the most precious gift I can offer, is my daughter's hand in marriage."

This was the greatest gift. And after their marriage, the King and his Queen ruled the kingdom wisely and well, beloved by all their subjects.



QUEEN OF THE SNOW



Once upon a time there lived a very wicked dwarf, who had made a magic mirror. Anyone who looked into the magic mirror at once became naughty, bad-tempered, selfish and bad. For a long time the dwarf had great fun with the mirror, then one day it broke and shattered into millions of tiny pieces,

Two of these little pieces, not as big as the smallest splinter, went sailing into a garden where two children named Mark and Wendy were playing.

One of the magic mirror's tiny pieces went into the corner of the little boy's eye, and the other went into his heart. They did not hurt him at all, but from that moment he became changed into the naughtiest and most bad-tempered boy in the whole city.

He quarrelled and fought with all his friends and soon would not play with any of them. One day, when it was Winter, Mark was out alone with his small sledge in the snow. When a very grand sledge, pulled by four reindeer, came swishing by Mark had the naughty idea of fixing his own small sledge on to the back of it.

At first he enjoyed it, but when the huge sledge began to go faster and faster, out through the town and across the countryside, Mark became very frightened.

"Stop—please stop," he shouted.

At last the big sledge stopped and out of it stepped the Queen of the Snow. She picked up little Mark and put him beside

her in the sledge. She kissed him and from that moment Mark forgot all that happened, and he fell asleep while the Queen of the Snow drove to her own land far away.

Days passed by and Wendy waited in vain for Mark to return. At last she decided that she must go and search for him, and set off along a river in a small boat. There was a strong current and it carried her for many miles into strange places Wendy had never seen, until it bumped to a stop against the bank of a garden.

In the garden was an old house and in it lived an old lady on her own. She hurried out and took Wendy in her arms, taking her indoors, where she combed the little girl's hair with a magic comb.

At once Wendy forgot everything. Under the spell of the magic comb she was content to live with the old lady, playing happily in the garden.

How long this would have gone on nobody knows, but one day Wendy came dancing into the house and knocked down a hanging mirror. It fell to the floor and shattered to pieces, breaking the spell of the magic comb. Wendy remem-

bered then why she had set out on her journey and, determined to find Mark at all costs, she escaped and ran away into the forest.

She ran and walked for hours and hours and was beginning to feel very tired when she came upon a cottage, where a young country girl lived.

The girl listened to Wendy's story and pointed to some pigeons perched on the roof.

"They fly everywhere and know everything," she said. "I will ask them about your friend Mark."

She spoke to the pigeons and they strutted along the roof-tiles, with their heads nodding up and down.

"Yes, yes, we know where he is," they replied. "The Queen of the Snow has taken him away to her castle in the far north of Finland."

"I shall never be able to get there—it is too far," sighed Wendy, but the other girl smiled and went to a big reindeer tied to a tree.

"I am going to set you free," she told the reindeer, "but in return you must take my little friend to the castle of the Queen of the Snow, which is in the land you came from."

She helped Wendy on to the back of the reindeer, which shook its great antlers joyfully at the thought of getting back its freedom and went off at a gallop towards Finland, the place where it was born.

Together Wendy and the reindeer crossed fields, went through





woods, jumped rivers and splashed through marshes, finally reaching Finland, where they found the castle of the Snow Queen.

Its job done, the reindeer left Wendy in the garden of the castle and galloped away into the woods.

Alone, the little girl walked

a few steps nearer to the entrance, but as she did so snow began to fall in such large flakes that she could not see and could hardly breathe, as they hit against her face. But she kept her head down and her eyes closed and struggled bravely on through it all.

"Whatever happens, I must not turn back now," she panted.

At last Wendy got into the castle and there she saw Mark, sitting alone on a cushion on a throne of glistening ice. He looked up, but did not know her, for he had been made to forget.

Wendy, however, rushed to him and embraced him. Tears were streaming down her face and some of these tears reached Mark's heart, where they washed away the tiny piece of magic mirror.

At the same time, Mark also began to cry and his own tears washed out the other splinter of mirror from the corner of his eye, with the result that he became his own good self again and greeted his friend Wendy with a glad cry.

Quickly, Mark and Wendy ran from the cold castle and found the reindeer, ready to take them back home.



The Two Brothers

In a place called Bhuvangiri, lived two brothers in the house left them by their father. Life was quite peaceful until the two brothers decided to get married. The elder brother married a girl from a poor family, whilst the younger brother's wife came from a rich family.

From the very onset the two wives spent their time bickering and quarrelling. The elder brother's wife would never stop proclaiming that as she was married to the elder brother, she was the mistress of the entire household.

The younger brother's wife was a spitfire, and screeched for all to hear, that she was not taking orders from anyone, especially that silly woman.

Sooner than be driven mad

by this incessant quarrelling, the two brothers decided to share their inheritance, and live in separate houses.

Eventually the elder brother raised a large family of nine children. But with so many mouths to feed, he found it very hard to make two ends meet. The younger brother, with the help of his wife's dowry, had purchased a large farm and was fairly prosperous.

One day the elder brother asked his brother for the loan of a pair of bullocks to plough his fields, as he could ill afford to buy any work animals.

The younger brother readily agreed, as he owned plenty of bullocks, and could afford to be generous on occasions.

A surprise was in store for the elder brother when he went

to his brother's farm to collect the bullocks. For there was a total stranger busy ploughing the land.

"Who are you?", he asked the stranger. "And how long have you worked for my brother?"

"Good sir, I am your brother's attendant spirit," replied the stranger very meekly. "I labour here all day so that your brother can take things easy and still prosper."

"Then why is it I have no attendant spirit? It is unfair that I should have to labour from dawn to dusk."

"But you do have an attendant spirit," replied the stranger, pointing to a clump of trees. "He is over there fast asleep as usual. But I doubt if you can awaken him."

Feeling that he was being badly treated, the elder brother strode across to the clump of trees, and picking up a stout stick, gave the sleeping figure a good thwack.

Jumping to his feet, and vigorously rubbing where he had been hit, the spirit woefully cried. "Why did you beat me?"

"What a lazy spirit you are," shouted the elder brother.

"Whilst my brother's spirit works hard, you are content to sleep all day. I will certainly beat you until you do some work."

"Do not beat me," cringed the spirit. "I am not really lazy. Your brother's spirit can do farm work, but I am an educated spirit and am only good in a business."

"You are absurd in addition to being lazy. Where do you think I can get the money to start a business, when my family is starving?"

"But you do not need capital," replied the spirit. "All you need is brains. With me at your side, you are bound to do well. We can start by dealing in old clothes, empty bottles and worn out shoes. Let us go to the city and I will show you."

This sounded as though it had possibilities, so the elder brother decided to move to the city without delay. When all was packed and loaded on carts, he heard loud moanings at the back of the house. There he discovered an old hag sitting on the ground, moaning and pulling her hair.

"Who are you?" he demanded.



"I am your Misfortune," replied the old woman; between her sobs. "I have lived here with you all these years, and have been very happy. Now you are thinking of going away. It is not fair, after I have served you so faithfully with so much misfortune."

The elder brother rushed into the house, and quickly emptying a large chest, carried it round to the back of the house.

"Come along old woman," he entreated, opening the chest. "Just jump inside, and I will see that you are safely looked after."

The old hag ceased her moaning and groaning, and clam-

bered into the chest. As soon as she was inside, the elder brother banged down the lid, and secured it with a hefty great padlock.

He then dug a deep hole in the yard, and when this was to his liking, he pushed the chest into it, and did not pause until he had filled the hole with earth, thankful to have buried his misfortune forever.

With the passing of months, the elder brother, with the assistance of his attendant spirit, set up a business in the city, dealing mainly in old clothes. Then as this business prospered, he started another

shop for textiles, and this also did extremely well.

Naturally rumours of his prosperity reached the ears of the younger brother, who decided to pay a visit to the city, being curious at his brother's good fortune.

When the brothers met, the younger brother lost no time in asking how, after so many years of penury, his brother had so quickly become a successful merchant.

"It was all so simple," the elder brother declared. "I discovered that old hag Misfortune was living with me. So I bundled her into a chest and buried her in my back yard."

The younger brother was filled with jealousy at his brother's change of fortune, and vowed to do him an ill-turn. Hurrying back to their native village, the younger brother went immediately to his

brother's old home, and after a lot of frantic digging, discovered the buried chest.

When at last, he managed to break the lock, the old hag jumped out of the chest and threw her arm around the younger brother. "You have come for me. Now we shall live happily together."

"Away with you," he said curtly, trying to get out of her embrace. "You belong to my elder brother."

The old hag gave a toothless grin. "I do not want anything to do with your brother. I am going to live with you in future."

How the younger brother rued the day. Now he was saddled with the old hag, and already bad luck seemed to come his way each day. Oh dear, if only he had not been madly jealous of his brother's good fortune.



THE MAGIC TELESCOPE

Once there lived a brave young hunter, whose name was Peter. So good was he with his bow and arrow that he never missed a shot.

One day, however, for all his keen eyes and sharp ears, he found nothing and as evening drew near he had nothing

The fox gave Peter several hairs from its bushy tail.

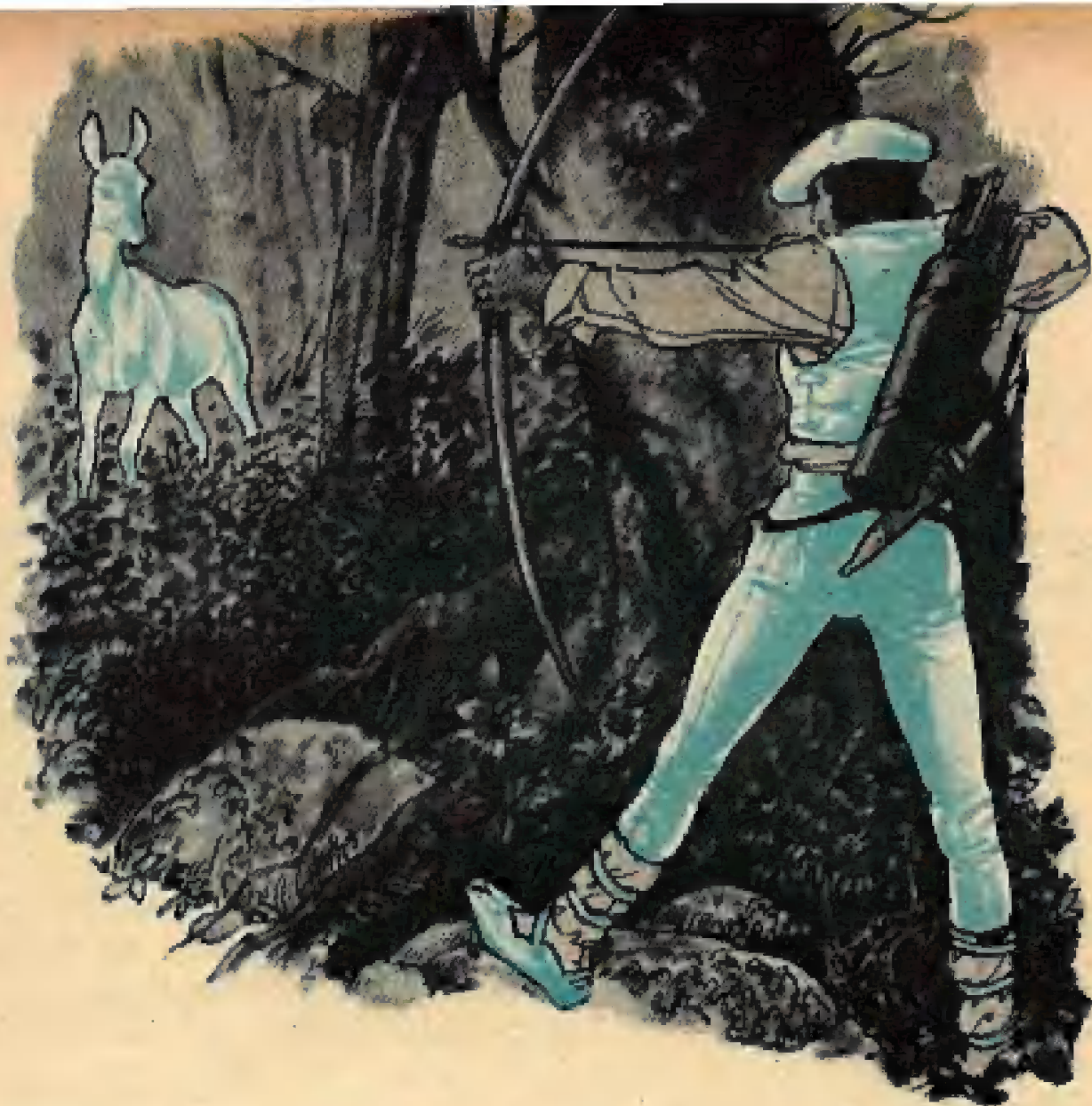


to take home for the pot. Then he spied a large eagle sitting on the branch of a tree, and was just about to shoot it when the eagle said, "Do not kill me. If you spare my life, I may be of use to you one day."

The young hunter dropped his bow and arrow in amazement and the eagle plucked a feather from its wing, saying as it did so, "If you ever have need of me, burn this feather and I will appear."

Peter took the feather and went on his way. He had not gone far before he saw a fine deer among the trees and again he drew his bow and arrow and took aim.

"Do not shoot me," begged the deer. "If you spare my life I may be of use to you one day." With that, the deer plucked a tiny wad of wool from its hide and handed it to Peter. "If you are in need of me, burn



this wool and I will appear," it said. With that the deer bounded off through the trees and Peter went on his way.

He made his way through the forest and over a mountain, until he reached the sea and decided to try his luck at fishing. On the shore, he set to work to make himself a fishing line from a strong reed and some string. He made a hook to go on the end and he baited it with some crumbs from the bread

he had brought for his dinner.

He had not been fishing long when he felt a tug on the line and drawing it in, he saw that he had caught a little fish with scales of shining gold.

"Do not kill me," pleaded the fish. "Throw me back into the water. If you spare me, I may be of some use to you one day." Saying this, it pulled off one of the shining scales and handed it to Peter. "If ever you need me, burn this scale and



"If you fail, you will be thrown into prison," said the princess.

I will come at once," it said as it swam away.

Peter returned to the forest and there, among the bushes, he saw a fine red fox. Once again he took aim, but before he could let fly an arrow, the fox cried out, "let me live, for one day I may be useful to you." With that it plucked several hairs from its bushy tail and gave them to Peter saying, "Whenever you need me, you

have only to burn these hairs and I will appear."

Peter went on through the wood until he came to a road, along which he travelled until he reached a fine city. He stopped at a poor little house, went inside and bowing to the old woman who sat beside the fireplace, asked her politely if she could provide him with a meal, for he had eaten nothing all day.

With a few coins supplied by Peter, she was able to buy food for both of them and while they ate, she told Peter all the news of the country.

Peter learned that the land was ruled by a king who had one daughter. The princess was very beautiful and many young princes had fallen in love with her, but she would marry none of them. She had a magic telescope with which she could see everything that went on in the world and had vowed to marry only a man who could hide himself away in a place where she could not find him.

Peter thought he would try his luck too, so, taking leave of the old woman, he made his way to the palace.

The princess was just as

beautiful as the old woman had said, but her face was cold and haughty. "I will set you four tests," she said. "Four times you must hide yourself and if even one of those times I fail to find you, I will marry you. But if you are unsuccessful and I discover you each time, you will be thrown into prison for the rest of your life, like the other ninety-nine of my suitors who have failed."

That night, Peter burned the eagle's feather and when the eagle appeared, Peter explained that he wanted to be hidden away in a place where he would not be discovered.

The eagle picked him up in its talons and bore him away, over mountain and plain, until it reached its nest, in the top of the tallest tree on the highest mountain. It placed Peter inside the nest and then settled itself on top of him, covering him with its wings.

At daybreak, the princess took her telescope and searched the world, but she could not find Peter. At last, she searched even among the nests of the birds and there she found him, for a tiny piece of his fur hat was showing beneath the eagle's wing.

The second night, Peter burned the fur from the coat of the deer and asked the deer to hide him. The deer carried him swiftly away to its cave among the mountains and then curled up around him so that he was hidden from sight.

The next day, the princess scanned the world through her telescope and because a tiny piece of his coat was showing beneath the deer's hoof, she found him at last.

The third night, Peter burned the fish's scale and when the fish heard his request, it called up a great pike from the depths of the ocean. The pike opened its huge mouth, took Peter inside and then swam away into the middle of the sea.

Suddenly, however, a little fish swam past and the pike, which had a huge appetite, opened its mouth to snap the little fish up. At that moment the princess, who was scanning the world through her telescope, spied Peter in the pike's mouth.

On the fourth and last night, Peter, almost in despair, burned the hairs from the fox's tail. "Do not worry," said the fox. "I am cunning and clever and I will hide you where no teles-



cope will find you. Go to sleep now and trust me."

While the young man slept, the fox dug an underground passage which reached right under the room where the

princess sat with her telescope. When it was finished, the fox took Peter and left him directly beneath the telescope, while the fox mounted guard at the entrance pretending to be doing nothing.

All day the princess searched and searched, but she never thought to look beneath her feet and by evening she had found no sign of Peter. In a rage, she hurled her telescope across the room and it shattered into a million pieces.

When Peter returned to the palace he found the princess waiting to greet him with a smile. The cold, cruel look had left her face and she seemed as good as she was beautiful.

She explained that several years before a wicked magician had wished to marry her. When

she refused him, he had shut up her heart in a prison of ice so that she could feel no tenderness or pity. Only a man who fulfilled the tasks set for him could rescue her. When Peter was successful and the magic telescope shattered, the princess was free.

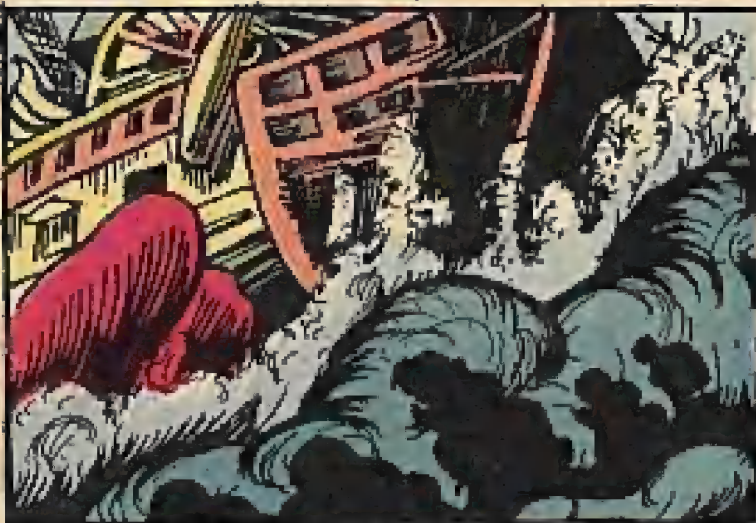
The wedding was celebrated at once with great rejoicing, but those who rejoiced most of all were the ninety-nine other suitors, who were released from prison and given rich rewards, to make up for their misfortune and the imprisonment they had suffered.



GULLIVER'S TRAVELS



My name is Dr. Lemuel Gulliver, and I am a ship's surgeon. Captain William Richard, master of the 'Anteloper' made me a good offer to sail with him to the South Seas. We sailed on 4th May 1699, and at first our voyage was very prosperous.



But on 5th November, we ran into a terrible storm. The wind was so strong the sails were blown to shreds, and our ship was driven on to the rocks and battered to pieces.



I, with the help of five of the crew, managed to let down a boat and it was terribly difficult with such big waves, to get clear of the ship and the rocks.



We rowed for hours in that heavy sea. How far we had travelled, I do not know, but in the end we were too tired to row any further.



After a time I saw land ahead. It appeared to be only two or three miles away.



But just then we were struck by a huge wave which overturned our boat.



My companions were drowned, but I managed to cling to a piece of wood, and after endless hours my feet touched bottom and I was able to wade ashore.



It was wonderful to be on dry land again, and although I walked a fair distance and shouted, there was no sign of life anywhere.



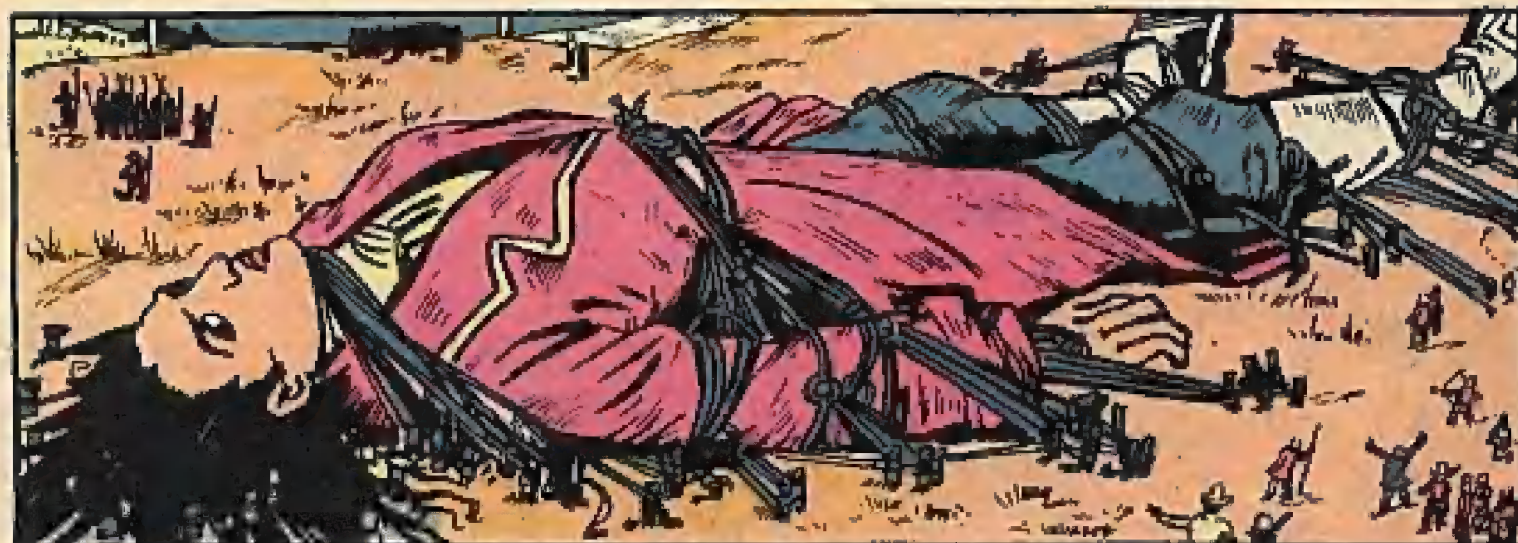
Being extremely tired, I decided to lie down on a grassy bank and in no time I was fast asleep.



It was soon after dawn when I awoke, but to my horror, when I tried to get up, I could not move my limbs.



Now could I turn my head and although I was not in pain, I felt I must be the victim of some terrible paralysis.



Then I discovered my arms and legs were firmly tied on either side to wooden stakes in the ground. Even my hair was tied down! I must be the prisoner of some dreadful savages.



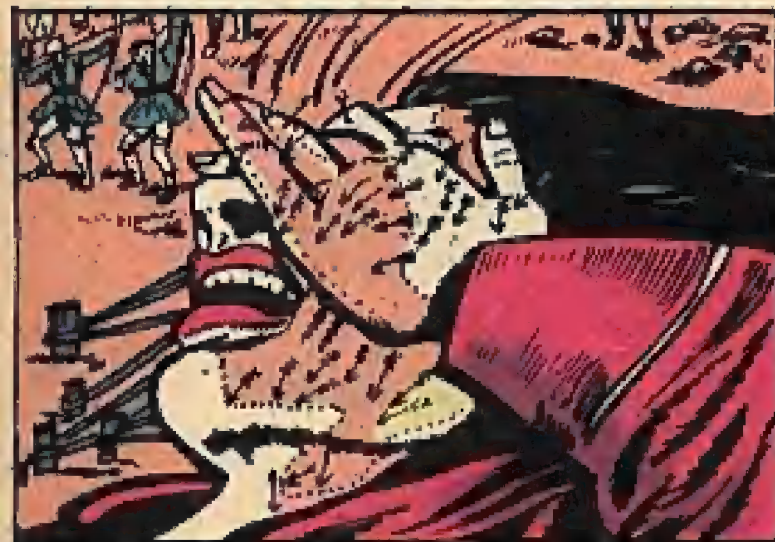
There was an insect walking on my chest, but when I managed to raise my head and look, it was a man! and only about six inches high!



Others came walking over my body and peering into my face. I was so astonished that I cried out, and they all ran off in fright.



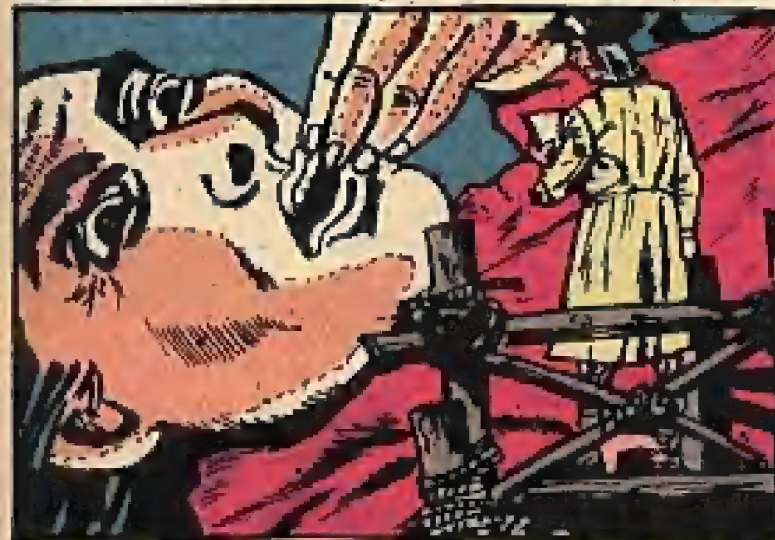
By pulling with all my strength, I managed to break the binding holding my left arm, and my hair, so now I would soon be free.



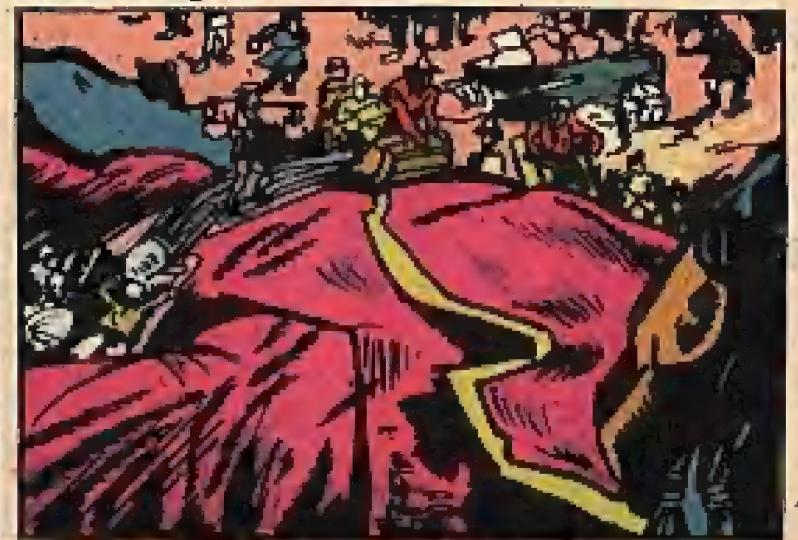
There were cries that sounded like 'Tolgo phonac', and at the same time I was struck by a number of minute arrows on my left arm and face.



Hearing a voice, I turned my head and there was some person of note making a speech from a platform, raised about six inches from the ground.



Putting my hand to my mouth, I made signs that I needed food. My platform orator seemed to understand my wants.



Immediately hundreds of these tiny people came walking over my chest carrying baskets of food and jars of something to drink.

HISTORY

Cricket 10

TODAY, women's cricket is played with a ball weighing 5 oz. as opposed to the 5½ oz. of that used by men. The 5 oz. cricket ball was introduced to the game in 1929.

Among famous women cricket players are Helen Sharpe, who scored a century in a test match against South Africa and planted a tree in the ground to commemorate her achievement; Betty Snowball, who scored a record 189 runs against New Zealand at Christchurch in 1935.

At the moment, women are not allowed to play at Lord's. They are sometimes allowed to practise at the nets, however, and they are allowed to play at two of the county cricket grounds in England.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows women's cricket today.

HISTORY

Cricket 12

MICHAEL COLIN COWDREY was born on 24th December, 1932. He was given the names Michael and Colin so that his initials would be M.C.C., the same as the Marylebone Cricket Club.

When he was 13, he appeared in a public schools match at Lord's and scored 75 and 44. He also took five wickets.

He has captained the Kent County cricket team since 1958.

His first overseas tour was to Australia, in 1954-55 and was a great success. He scored, on one occasion, 102 runs out of England's total of 191.

Cowdrey first captained the England side in 1967 when he took over from Brian Close.

He has written a number of books, including "Cricket Today", 1961, and "Tackle Cricket this Way."

HISTORY

Cricket 9

WOMEN have been playing cricket for over 200 years.

One of the early women cricket players was Elizabeth Burrell who, in 1777, became the wife of the eighth Duke of Hamilton.

Strange though it may seem, the originator of round-arm bowling was a woman. She was playing cricket with her brothers and found it difficult to bowl underhand because of her long skirts, so she bowled overhand. Her brothers realised the possibilities of this and, later, it was adopted by all cricket players.

Nowadays there are a number of women's cricket clubs in Great Britain and also in such countries as Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows how women looked when they were playing cricket in the early days of the women's game.

HISTORY—

Cricket 11

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows Sir Donald George Bradman, the famous Australian cricketer.

Bradman was born on 27th August, 1908, in Australia. Between 1927 and 1934 he played for his home state and, when he moved to Adelaide, played for South Australia.

His test career began in 1928 and he first came to England in 1930. From 1936, he captained the Australian cricket team.

His highest score in first-class cricket was 452 not out, against Queensland in 1930. He made a total of 19 centuries in test matches against England and his average was 89.78. In 1938, his overall average was 115.66.

In 1949, Bradman was knighted and it was in that year that he retired from first-class cricket.

HISTORY—

Cricket 9



HISTORY—

Cricket 10



HISTORY—

Cricket 11



HISTORY—

Cricket 12



GEOGRAPHY—

Argentina 1



GEOGRAPHY—

Argentina 2



GEOGRAPHY—

Argentina 3



GEOGRAPHY—

Argentina 4



GEOGRAPHY—

Argentina 2

THE total area of Argentina is about 700 million acres and of these around 425 million are occupied by farms. Sixty per cent of the farmland is devoted to pasture for cattle, sheep and pigs. It has been reckoned that in 1968 there were around 51½ million cattle, 49 million sheep and 3 million pigs.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows cattle in Argentina.

Argentina is self-supporting in most food stuffs and among its crops are maize, wheat, oats, barley, sugar, cotton, sunflower seed, linseed, rye and alfalfa. This last is a fodder plant.

Petroleum oil is one of the minerals of Argentina and it is found in various parts of the country.

Other minerals found include iron ore, sulphur, coal, lead, zinc and salt.

GEOGRAPHY—

Argentina 4

THE language of Argentina is Spanish and this is spoken by nearly all the inhabitants. About 200 daily newspapers are published (50 in Buenos Aires) and there is one English daily newspaper.

Education in Argentina is both free and compulsory between the ages of 6 and 14. At one time, illiteracy in certain parts of the country was quite common but recently the figures have dropped considerably.

There are a number of national universities and also some private ones run by the church. National universities are situated at Buenos Aires, Córdoba, Santa Fé and La Plata among other places.

The clothes of Argentina are varied. The picture on the other side of this index card shows two traditional costumes of the republic of Argentina.

GEOGRAPHY—

Argentina 1

ARGININA is a large country occupying the greater part of southern South America. It extends north and south from Bolivia to Cape Horn—a distance of about 2,300 miles. At its greatest breadth it is around 930 miles.

To the north of Argentina is Bolivia, to the north-east are Paraguay, Brazil and Uruguay, to the south and south-east is the Atlantic Ocean and to the west is Chile.

Argentina is made up of mountain ranges and plateaux and enormous plains, the ones in the north being densely wooded.

One of the most important rivers is the Parana. It flows into the Atlantic and is navigable throughout its course in Argentina.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows a map of Argentina.

GEOGRAPHY—

Argentina 3

THE federal capital of the republic of Argentina is Buenos Aires and this is also the name of the most populated province. The city stands about 150 miles from the Atlantic Ocean on the south bank of the River de la Plata. Few parts of Buenos Aires are more than 20 ft. above sea level.

The area of the city is around 80 square miles and its population is now about 3 million.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows the Capitol, which stands on the Plaza del Congreso. It is Greco-Roman in style and inside it are the chambers of the senate and the deputies.

Buenos Aires (meaning "good air of winds") was founded in 1536 by Pedro de Mendoza and he gave it the name Puerto de Santa Maria de los Buenos Aires. It has been the capital of the republic of Argentina since 1853.



now. There is one, however, that I cannot omit.

When in the city of London I once had the pleasure of seeing the King go with great ceremony and pomp to the Houses of Parliament in his State coach.

It was driven by a huge coachman, in coloured uniform and

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

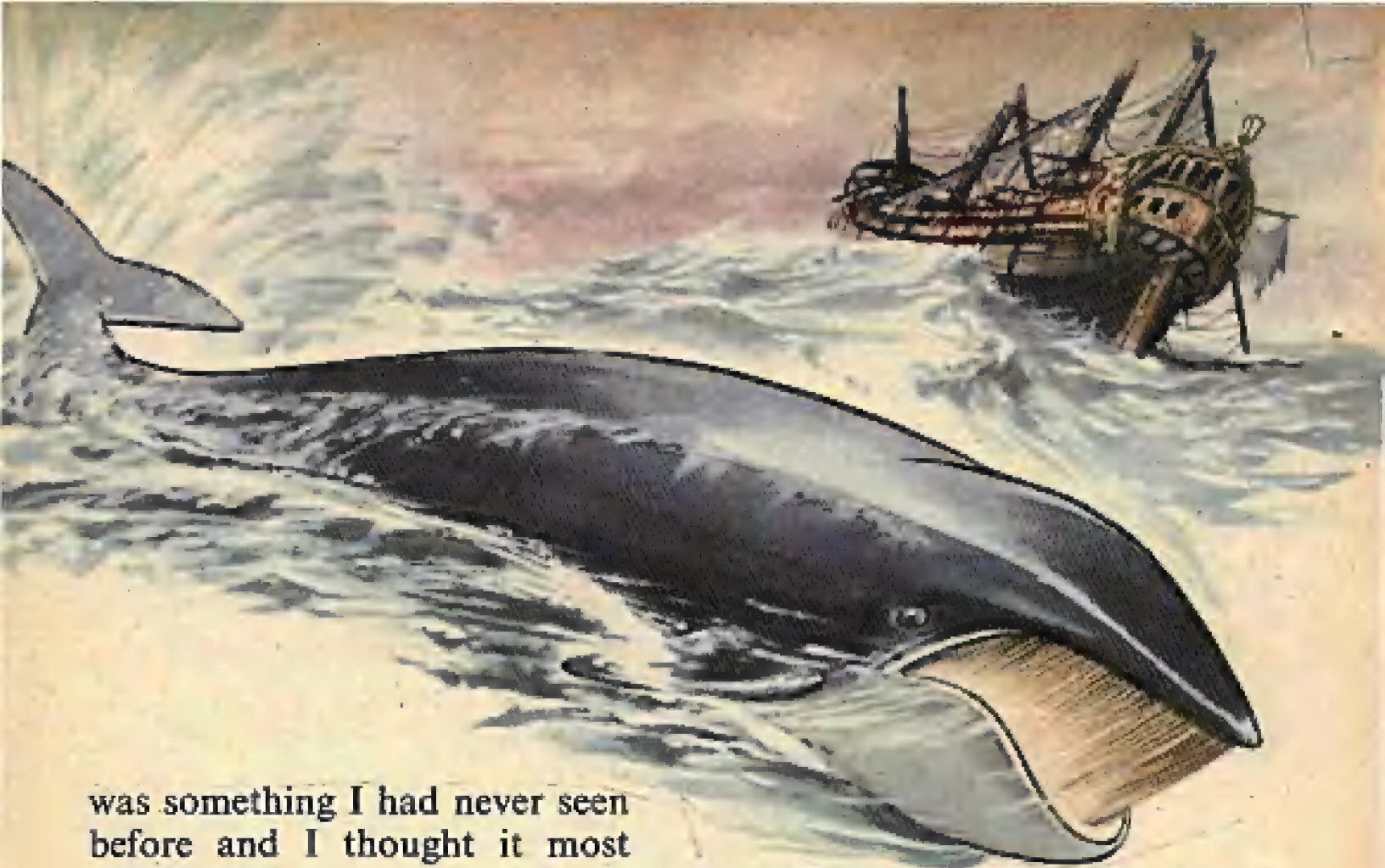
Here I am again—your friend Baron Munchausen—with some more of my strange adventures.

After my seafaring trip to Ceylon, which I told you about last month, I decided that travel by sea was the finest way of seeing what the rest of the world was like, so I journeyed to England, to embark upon one of His Majesty's ships.

Various adventures happened to me in England, while I was awaiting a ship, but I have not time to tell you about them

hat with blue and yellow feathers. As the coach passed through the streets, with crowds of people on either side, the coachman made quite sure that nobody could mistake the Royal person inside.

He did this with his long whip, which he constantly cracked in the air and waved it in such a clever manner that the long lash always formed the Royal crest, to indicate that no less a person than the King himself was passing by. This



was something I had never seen before and I thought it most interesting.

To return to my sea-trip, however, I embarked at Portsmouth in a naval man-of-war, of 100 guns and 1,400 men, bound for North America.

The long voyage across the Atlantic Ocean went smoothly enough and nothing worth relating happened until we came to within about 300 miles of the St. Lawrence River.

Here the ship struck with amazing force against what we at first thought to be a rock. The startled captain at once ordered the lead-line to be dropped over the side of the ship to find the depth of water, and was even more startled to find

that the bottom of the sea was at least half a mile below us—so what could the ship have hit?

What made this happening even more amazing and puzzling was the violence of the sudden shock. The ship came to a crashing halt, broke the bowsprit in the middle and snapped off two of the masts which went overboard.

A poor fellow, who was on the top of a mast, attending to the sails, was thrown at least three miles from the ship, but he luckily saved his life by grabbing hold of the feet of a very large seagull, which brought him back and dropped him safely on deck, very wet and

out of breath, but not harmed at all.

Another proof of the violence of the shock was that sailors on deck were thrown all over the place and ended up in heaps.

"What in the name of the seven seas did we bump into—a cliff?" exclaimed one, rubbing his sore head.

"It felt more like the whole of North America," replied his friend, picking himself up and rubbing his bruises. "But I must admit that I saw nothing in front of us."

While we were all in a state of astonishment and confusion, the puzzle was solved by the appearance of an enormous whale, which had been asleep in our path just below the surface of the sea.

This animal was so much displeased with the knock our ship had given him that he swung round his tail and gave the captain's cabin on the stern a knock in return, which smashed it to small pieces.

Then, almost in the same instant, he grabbed the ship's anchor in his huge mouth and swam away with the ship for a distance of at least a hundred miles, when luckily the cable

broke and we lost both the whale and the anchor.

However, upon our return to England some months later, we found the same whale within a mile of the same spot floating dead upon the water.

It measured over half a mile in length, so that you can tell that it was a beast of record size—too large, the captain remarked, for us to tow all the way home.

We left it in the Atlantic, afloat and looking much like a small island, which reminds me that later on we might have been very glad of an island, either small or large.



It happened that the ship sprang a leak and the water poured in so fast that all the pumps in the ship could not have kept us from sinking in half an hour's time.

"Baron Munchausen," the captain said to me, "we are in great danger. There is no land within five hundred miles and not another ship in sight. You will naturally be given the best seat in the best of the ship's lifeboats."

This was very kind of the captain; but even the best seat in the best lifeboat did not appeal to me very much. I

preferred to complete my voyage and step ashore without getting my feet wet, if I could, so I looked around for the source of the leak.

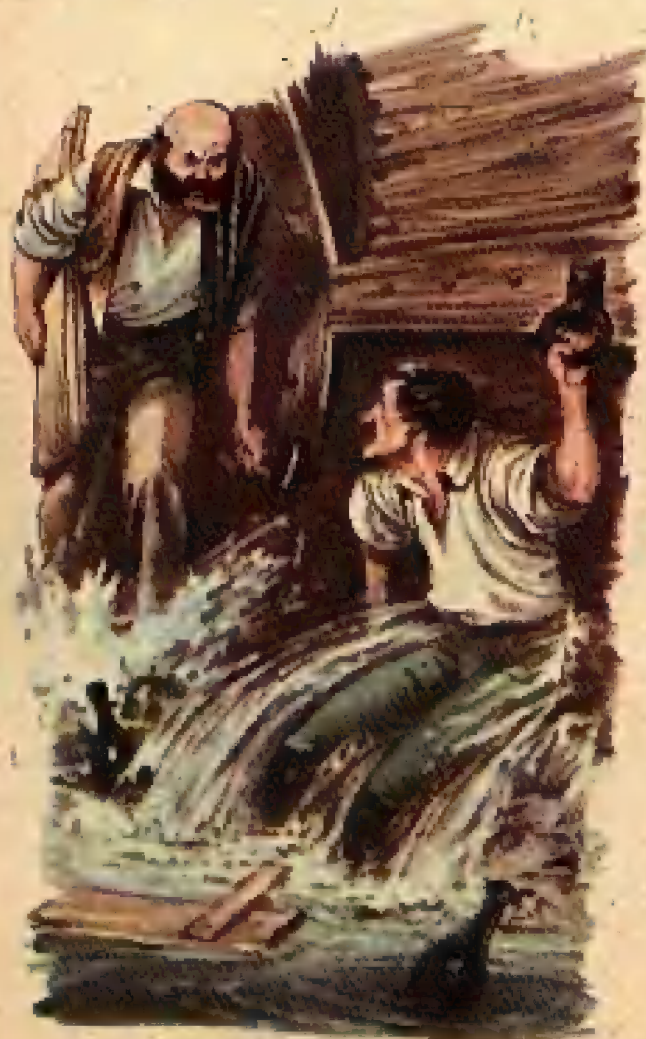
I found it to be a large hole, about twelve inches across, with the sea pouring in without stopping.

Something had to be done, and when I tell you that the noble ship was saved, with all its crew, by a clever thought of mine, you will not be too surprised.

I have spoken to you in the past about "presence of mind," but this time I would rather call my idea "presence of body," for without wasting time in taking off my clothes I sat down in the hole and stopped the leak.

"Ahoy there!" I called out, in the hope of attracting attention. "Come quickly, down here in the hold of the ship."

For a whole hour I sat there, for nobody seemed to hear my shouts. It was very damp and just as I was beginning to think that the best seat in the best lifeboat might be even less uncomfortable, the arrival of the ship's carpenter saved the situation—and a few planks of wood and stout nails saved the ship.





Robbing the Tigers

A long time ago, in one of the dense forests that abounded in northern India, there were a number of man-eating tigers. How they became to be man-eaters, no one ever knew. Practically every day the tigers would pounce on some unfortunate man or woman, and after devouring the bodies, they would collect whatever jewellery and money the victims possessed, and carry it off to swell their ever-growing pile of treasure.

Now in a nearby village there was a barber, who dreamt and schemed of ways to get his hands on some of the tigers' treasure, then he could live a life of ease and luxury. He thought that if he went into the forest early in the morning, he would find the tigers asleep. Then he

could quietly cut their throats and help himself to their treasure.

So bright and early one morning, the barber set off into the forest, with his razors nicely sharpened. He had not gone far when suddenly, an enormous tiger confronted him. Quickly gathering his wits, the barber spoke to the tiger in a gentle voice. "Do not be afraid of me, I am your friend. All I want is to shave off your whiskers, which the king needs to prepare some medicine for his sick daughter."

The tiger looked puzzled at such a request, and the barber, now full of courage, took out one of his razors. "Just let me shave off your whiskers, and the king will give me a big reward, out of which I will

buy you a whole bag of sweets."

Still perplexed, the tiger shook its mighty head. "What you ask is impossible. It is considered a disgrace for a tiger to be robbed of his whiskers. Death would be preferable. But I will tell you what I will do. Leave my whiskers alone, and I will pay you whatever reward the king has promised."

"In that case I shall have to shave another tiger," the barber said. "Now the king promised me one hundred gold pieces, and I will not take less from you."

The tiger, without arguing, took the barber to his cave, and told him to take a hundred gold pieces from the huge heap of gold and jewels that were piled at the back of the cave.

The barber hurried home with his treasure, and that evening as he sat counting his gold, and licking his lips at all the wonderful things he would buy, his friend the wood-cutter came into the hut.

The wood-cutter's eyes nearly popped out with astonishment at the sight of so much gold. "Am I dreaming?" he blurted out. "Or did you dress the hair of the Goddess of Wealth, to come by so much gold?"

"Neither," replied the barber with a broad grin. "I merely threatened to shave a tiger, and he willingly paid me all this gold not to."

At first the wood-cutter would not believe such a tall story, but when the barber told him all that had happened, the wood-cutter went home full of ideas, on how he too could hoodwink a tiger.

At the crack of dawn, the wood-cutter was off into the forest with his big axe. He soon met a tiger, who eyed him suspiciously.

"How lucky I am to meet you," the wood-cutter said, waving his axe. "But not very lucky for you. For the king has promised me a big reward for a fine tiger skin to adorn his palace."

This did not seem to make the tiger very happy. "Wait a minute," pleaded the tiger. "My skin is valuable to me. I will give you double what the king has promised. Then we shall both be happy."

The wood-cutter, like the barber, went to the tiger's cave, and jubilantly carried home a large pile of gold pieces.

That evening the wood-cutter and the barber spent hours



boasting to each other how easily they had acquired so much wealth. Then the barber had a brilliant idea. "We are obviously clever men," he said. "So if we both go into the forest, surely together we shall be able to devise the means of getting all the tigers' treasure."

At first the wood-cutter thought this was tempting fate too much, but then at the thought of untold riches, he let himself be persuaded.

So the next morning our two friends went to the forest, and after walking for some time, they

were surprised, and a little scared, to hear the growlings of what must be a number of tigers.

Not being all that brave, they quickly climbed a high tree. From their lofty perch, they could see in a nearby glade no less than fifteen tigers sitting around in a circle, apparently listening to one young tiger, standing in the centre.

Listening carefully, they could make out that the young tiger was grumbling in no uncertain terms on the waste of time and effort in stalking solitary villagers, when they could all make

a concerted raid on the village, and devour all the inhabitants.

No sooner had this tiger finished speaking, when an old grizzled tiger stood up, and gave the young tiger a resounding cuff on the head with his huge paw. "Stop talking nonsense," he roared. "If we descend on the village and kill all the people in one fell swoop, what do we eat next week and the weeks after? Far better to kill the villagers one by one, then we shall never know the pangs of starvation."

All the other tigers seemed to agree with this advice, for the meeting broke up and most of the tigers came trooping toward the tree in which our friends were hiding.

The poor wood-cutter was so alarmed at the sight of so many tigers coming nearer and nearer, he tried to climb higher up the tree, but was so scared

he slipped, and with a tremendous crash of broken branches, landed with an earth-shaking thud on the ground.

The barber, quick to take advantage of the situation, shouted, "Catch them all brother, do not let one get away."

The tigers startled by the crashing branches and the barber's shouting, dashed off in all directions.

With the tigers out of the way, our two friends soon found the tigers' caves. Quickly bundling all the treasure they could carry, they made tracks for home as fast as their legs could carry them.

Needless to say, the wood-cutter and the barber were now rich beyond care. No longer did they have to work, but enjoyed living like kings, and boasting to anyone who cared to listen, of their gallant adventures among the tigers.



THE THREE PEACHES



Once there lived a king who had one daughter. She was very beautiful, but very wilful. Many young princes fell in love with her, and wished to marry her, but she refused all of them, with a toss of the head. At last, in despair, her father said to her, "How will you know which one you wish to marry in the end?"

"I shall marry whoever brings me at Christmas a beautiful ripe peach plucked straight from the tree," she said.

This was soon known throughout the kingdom and everyone said, "That is as much as to say she will never marry anyone."

In the country there lived a good man who had three sons. The eldest was a shoemaker, the second was a tailor and the youngest was scullery-lad in the royal kitchens.

It happened that on Christmas Eve the old father was passing through a wood and to his surprise he saw hanging from the branch of a tree three magnificent ripe peaches. Quickly he plucked them and returned home.

He called his eldest son and gave him one of the peaches. "Put on your best clothes and take it at once to the princess," he said.



The young man did as he was told. He put the peach in a fine basket and set out to take it to the princess. On the way through the wood he met a strange old man. "What have you got there in your basket?" the old man asked.

"That is none of your business," replied the young man rudely, and went on his way.

When he reached the palace, he presented the basket to the princess. She opened it and removed the leaves which covered the peach, but to her horror she found that the fruit was rotten, unpleasant to look at and to touch.

The king was very angry and ordered that the young man should be beaten as a punishment.

Sad and subdued, the young man returned home and told all that had happened to him.

Then the father called his second son and gave him one of the peaches. "Put on your best clothes and take it to the princess," he said.

The young man did so and on his way through the wood he too met the strange old man, who asked him what was in his basket. "Mind your own business," said the young man rudely, and went on his way.

When he reached the palace, he presented his basket to the princess, but when she pulled aside the leaves, she found that the peach was rotten and mildewed, unpleasant to smell as well as to look at. The second young man was beaten as a punishment for daring to offer such a gift to the princess and he, too, returned home sad and subdued.

The old father drew out the third peach and gave it to his third son, telling him to take it to the princess. He, too, met the funny old man on his way

through the wood.

"What have you there in your basket?" asked the old man.

"I have a fine, ripe peach," replied the young kitchen-boy. "I am taking it to the princess, because I hope when she has seen it she will marry me."

"You are a fine young man, kind and courteous," said the old man. "Here, take this tiny whistle. You have only to blow on it and everyone who hears will follow you."

The young man thanked him, took the whistle and went on to the king's palace. There he gave his basket to the princess and inside it was a fine, ripe peach.

The princess was horrified at the thought of having to marry a mere scullery-lad, so she thought quickly and said, "I will marry you, but on one condition. In the royal park are one hundred hares. You must take them to the pasture, guard them carefully for a week and then bring them back without losing one. If you do this successfully, I will marry you."

The young man went to the pasture and when he blew his magic whistle the hares followed wherever he went, so that



away with a hare under her arm.

However, before she had gone very far, the young man blew a blast on his magic whistle and the hare leaped to the ground and raced back to join the others.

Next day, the queen arrived, disguised as a maid, but she had no more success. On the third day the king disguised himself as a groom and tried to get one of the hares, but again without success.

At the end of the week, the young man returned and not one of the hares was missing. The king, however, still refused to let his daughter marry a scullery-lad. "First bring me three sacks full of truth, then you can marry my daughter," he said.

The young man went away and puzzled over this. Suddenly the old man of the forest appeared before him.

"Take three sacks and go back to the king," he said. "Tell him about the three visitors you had when you were at the pasture, who each wanted to buy a hare. They were really the princess, the queen and the king in disguise. As you tell each story, blow your

he had no difficulty in keeping them together. On the third day the princess, disguised as a servant girl and riding a little donkey, went to visit him.

"Will you sell me one of those fine hares?" she asked.

"No they are not for sale," said the young man. "I will give you one if you kiss that donkey of yours on the muzzle."

The princess wrinkled up her nose at this, but she was so upset at the thought of marrying a common scullery-lad that she finally did so and went

whistle and each of them will jump into the sack."

The young man went back to the king with the three sacks. He told the story of his first visitor, who had pretended to be a servant-girl and had agreed to kiss her donkey on the muzzle just to get one of the hares. As he did so, he blew his whistle and the princess jumped into the sack. Then he told how he had been visited by a maid who wanted to buy a hare and when he blew his whistle, the queen jumped into the sack.

"Enough, enough," cried the

king, but the young man went on to tell of the groom who had come to him and when he blew his whistle, the king jumped into the third sack.

"You have told the truth, you shall marry my daughter at once," cried the king, greatly alarmed, so the young man let them out of the three sacks and the wedding was arranged in great style.

The princess soon found that she had such a kind, clever and honest young man for a husband that she was not in the least sorry she had to marry a scullery-lad.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the May issue



★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.

★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

★ Entries must be received before

31st March, otherwise they cannot be considered.

★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to :

Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in January Issue

The prize is awarded to Mrs. J. Noronha,

'Bon View', 620, 21st Main,

36th Cross, IV 'T' Block,

Jayanagar, Bangalore - II.

Winning entry — 'Lifelike Perfection' — 'Artistic Expression'



Stories from **MAHABHARATA**

The story so far.....

The Pandava princes, the sons of the late King Pandu, were beset by many hardships and overcame many dangers, due to the insane jealousy of Duryodhana and his brothers, the sons of the blind King Dhritarashtra, the ruler of the Kuru kingdom.

Eventually, through the advice of Bhishma, Drona and Vidura, the Pandava princes, together with Draupadi, their consort, were invited to return to Hastinapura, when King Dhritarashtra divided half the kingdom. The Pandava princes whereby were given the western half of the kingdom on the river Jumna, and built a new capital named Indraprastha.

The exile and wanderings of Arjuna.

Yudhishtira, the eldest of the five sons of Pandu, and now king of Indraprastha, ruled his kingdom with glory.

The great sage Narada, came to Indraprastha in the early days of the new kingdom, to see the Pandava princes and their queen-mother Kunti.

When Narada heard the story of Draupadi's marriage he was somewhat disturbed and lost no time in giving the princes his learned advice.

"My sons," expounded the sage, "Living according to certain ethical standards is a necessity of life. Not one of

you should ever intrude on the privacy of each other and the breaking of such a rule can only be atoned by a year's pilgrimage."

The princes agreed that they would always abide by the sage's advice. This worked well, until one day a brahmin in great distress, came to Arjuna to help find a sacred cow that was missing.

Arjuna ever ready to help anyone in need, searched for the sacred cow, but in doing so, he inadvertently broke into the presence of one of his brothers who was talking at the time to Draupadi. Arjuna felt

that he had erred, and notwithstanding the pleas of his brothers, he was adamant that only a year's pilgrimage would atone for his sin.

Arjuna in his self imposed exile, wandered far across the country. Coming to the river Ganga one afternoon, he decided to bathe. No sooner had he entered the water when he was confronted by a Naga princess, who taking him by the hand, took him deep down into the water till they reached Nagaland.

Here Arjuna tarried for several weeks, and when he took his leave, the princess who



Arjuna goes on a year's exile



The princess takes Arjuna to Naga Land.

was named Uluchi, bestowed upon him power to defeat anything that existed in water.

Now Arjuna decided it was time for him to return to Indraprastha. On his return journey the rains came, and on one occasion Arjuna was forced in a heavy deluge, to take shelter beneath an old banyan tree.

A youth was also sheltering under the tree, and whilst they awaited the storm to abate

Arjuna was surprised to learn that the youth hailed from Yadava, which was ruled by his friend and mentor, Sri Krishna.

The youth was full of praises for Yadava, and especially so for Subhadra, the sister of Krishna. Hearing the princess spoken of in such glowing terms, aroused Arjuna's curiosity, and he vowed to break his journey and visit Dwaraka, the capital of Yadava, and pay



Arjuna's meeting with Sri Krishna

his respects of Krishna and his sister.

When he reached Dwaraka, no one, excepting Sri Krishna, could recognise Prince Arjuna, in his guise as a wandering holy man.

Arjuna was overjoyed when he saw Princess Subhadra. The youth he had met, had certainly not exaggerated her beauty, and although he had known the princess when she visited Hastinapura as a young girl, she had grown into a woman of surpassing loveliness. Arjuna lost his heart to the fair princess, and took the first opportunity of confiding to

Krishna his desire to marry the princess.

Sri Krishna was overjoyed at the prospect of such a marriage, but he realised that there were obstacles to be met. Firstly, Subhadra might reject Arjuna's proposal, but more important, would be the attitude of the elder brother, Balaram, who preferred an alliance with the Kauravas, as he felt the Pandava princes were fated with adversity.

So Krishna decided that a little mild deceit should be used in order to see how things would work out. He asked Arjuna to maintain his role as a holy man, and arranged for him to be housed in a garden near the palace in Dwaraka. Krishna also arranged that Princess Subhadra should look after the needs and the comfort of this holy man.

The princess, who was deeply attracted to the holy man, welcomed the excuse for spending a lot of her time in his company. One day she asked him. "In your wanderings, have you ever visited Indra-prastha, and met the Pandava princes?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Arjuna with a smile. "I have



Arjuna in the guise of a holy man sees Subhadra

often been the welcome guest of King Yudhishthira."

"Then tell me," asked Subhadra, "Did you meet Prince Arjuna?"

Arjuna sadly shook his head. "Poor fellow, I understand he went into exile for a year. But I did hear a rumour that he may even now be in this city in the garb of a holy man."

Princess Subhadra gasped with delight, for she realised that the holy man was none other than Prince Arjuna. With a gay smile she said. "When you meet him, please tell him that I would very much like to see my prince again."

Somehow, the story soon circulated that Prince Arjuna was in Dwaraka, with the pur-



The marriage of Arjuna and Subhadra

pose of marrying Princess Subhadra. Sri Krishna, to avoid any unpleasantness with his brother Balaram, announced a twelve day festival at Antardvipa, a large island some twelve miles from Dwaraka.

When the princess heard of this, she ran into her brother in anguish, fearing that she was to be parted from Arjuna.

"Fear nothing dear sister," said Krishna smiling. "I shall leave you here in good company. And I will attend your marriage when the day arrives."

The marriage of Princess Subhadra and Prince Arjuna was arranged in secrecy. As everyone was away at the island festival, a problem arose as to who would be present at the

wedding ceremony.

Arjuna decided to invoke God Indra, his divine protector. When he made the sacrifice and the invocation, the God arrived with his consort Sachi. The God was also accompanied by the Sages Vasishta and Narada. Then just before the wedding ceremony, Sri Krishna presented himself, with his mother Devaki and his consort Rukmini.

When Balaram heard of the marriage, he was livid with anger. Calling a council of war, he accused Arjuna of insults and treachery, and demanded that the Yadavas declare war and wipe out these accursed Pandava princes.

"Brother," said Sri Krishna in gentle tones. "You speak in anger. We cannot undo this marriage and bloodshed is no answer. If, as you demand, we

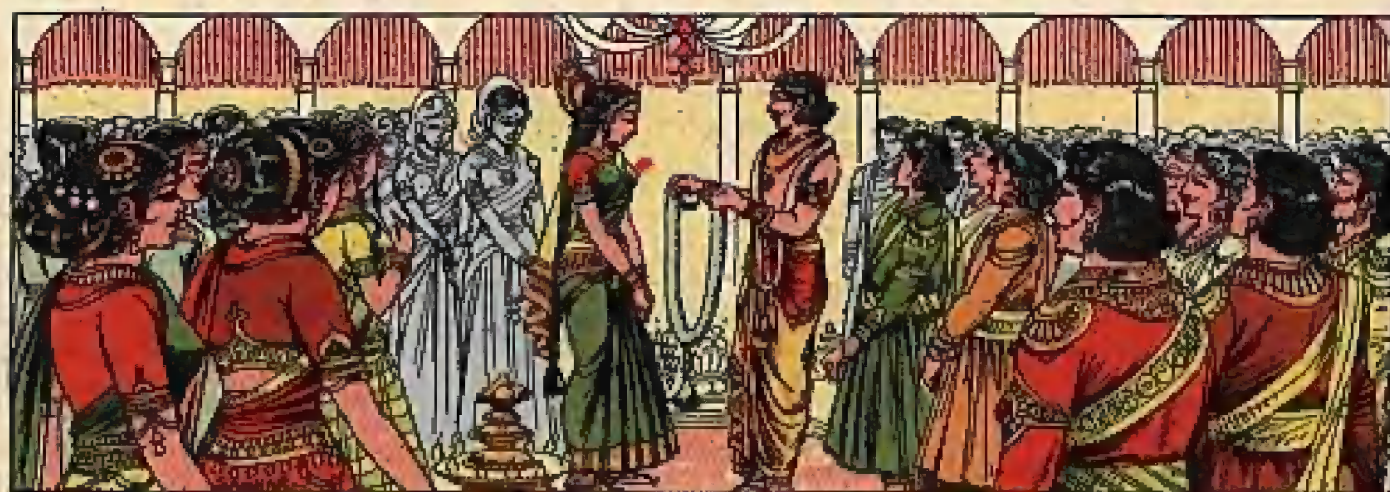
were to destroy the Pandava princes, it would mean lifelong grief and suffering for our own beloved sister."

All the elders of the Yadavas could see the wisdom of Sri Krishna's words, and they managed to persuade Balaram to accept and bless the marriage.

In due course Arjuna took his bride to Indraprastha, and the loveliness of Princess Subhadra and her sweetness won the hearts of everyone.

Soon afterwards the Yadava princes arrived at Indraprastha with gifts for the happy couple, and this led to a stronger bond of friendship between the Yadavas and the Pandavas.

In course of time, Subhadra had a son, who was named Abhimanyu, or the fearless. This son was destined to become a great warrior, like his father.



WHAT ARE THESE FLAGS?



It is the National Flag of Israel, the Jewish State founded in 1948. The design has two triangles which form the Shield of David, often wrongly called the Star of David. The flag seems to be based on that adopted in 1891 by the Zionists.

Here is the National Flag of the West German Federal Republic, which came into being in 1949. It was first seen in 1919, after the fall of the German Empire in 1918. When the Nazis came to power in 1933, they adopted the black, white and red of the old days. After their defeat in 1945 the 1919 flag came back.



Japan loves to be known as the "Land of the Rising Sun", so the country's flags are based on the Sun. That shown above is the National, Merchant and Jack, flown at a ship's bow; but at the stern is the Ensign, with 16 rays to the Sun.



THE MISER

Many years ago there lived in Russia a very wealthy man, who was named Ivan. But with all his wealth, Ivan never spent a solitary coin unless he was forced to. He would spend hours every day counting his money and gloating over every silver rouble.

Walking along the road one day, an elderly lame beggar pleaded for alms. Before Ivan could send the beggar away, a peasant passing by, threw a coin into the beggar's tin cup.

Ivan thought here was the opportunity to show his generosity, so turning to the peasant he said. "I have no small change, so would you be good enough to lend me a copeck to give to this poor man?"

"Here you are," said the peasant, handing Ivan a copeck. "But tell me, when will you pay me back?"

"I will repay you to-morrow," replied Ivan, and gave the peasant his name and address.

Much to Ivan's surprise, the peasant called at his house the following day for his copeck. Ivan greeted him like a bear with a sore head. "Fancy coming here to collect such a small debt. But unfortunately I still have no change, so you had better come back to-morrow."

The next morning there was the peasant knocking on the door for his copeck. Ivan was now extremely disgruntled that anyone should pester him for a measly copeck. "Change me a hundred rouble bank note," said Ivan with a sly smile. "And then I can pay you the copeck."

The peasant threw up his arms in dismay. "I have no roubles sir. But I still want my

copeck."

"Then come back in a week's time," Ivan shouted, and slammed the door.

A week passed, and there was the peasant standing on the door-step. When Ivan saw him through the window he called his wife. "I will lie down on the carpet. Cover me with a sheet and put a lighted candle at my head. Then you can tell this accursed peasant I am dead."

When the peasant entered the house, there was Ivan's wife sitting beside a shrouded body, tearing her hair, and wailing that her noble husband had died that very morning.

"Good woman", said the peasant, who suspected that Ivan was pretending to be dead, merely to avoid paying his small debt. "I am sorry your husband has died so suddenly. But pray let me help you prepare the body for burial."

With this the peasant ran into the yard, and returned with a bucket of water, which he promptly threw over the supposed corpse.

The shock of the cold water nearly made Ivan jump out of his skin.

"And now you miser," shou-

-ted the peasant. "Pay me my copeck."

But there was no answer from Ivan, and he lay still as death. The wife was now wailing over the ruined carpet, and took little notice of the peasant when he said. "Your husband must be buried to-day, so I will send one of your servants to fetch a coffin."

When the coffin was brought, the peasant lost no time in bundling Ivan's body into it, and having it carried to the local graveyard.

As the grave-diggers had decided to go home for the day, the burial could not take place until the following morning, so the peasant said he would watch over the coffin during the night.

As the church clock tolled the hour of midnight, the peasant heard the sound of footsteps, and peering over his shoulder, saw four villainous looking men coming in his direction. Not being all that brave, he quickly hid behind a nearby tree.

The four men were robbers, and were carrying several sacks of booty, which they emptied on the ground, and started to share their ill-gotten gains. After some time and lots of

arguments, the booty was shared between them, excepting a gold hilted sword, which they all claimed as part of their share. Words soon led to a fight, and there was a free exchange of blows, as to who should possess the sword.

"Eh, friends," shouted the peasant from behind the tree. "Why do you fight over a sword. The one who cuts off the head of the corpse with one blow shall be the owner."

Hearing this, Ivan sprang out of the coffin like a jack-in-the-box. "Police!, police! I am being murdered."

When the robbers saw this dead body come out of its coffin, they bolted as fast as their legs could carry them.

The peasant now came out of hiding and pacified the still trembling Ivan. "Stop shivering my friend," said the peasant, pointing to the heaps of loot.

"Look, a fortune has fallen into our laps. We shall share it equally and then perhaps you will repay me the copeck you owe."

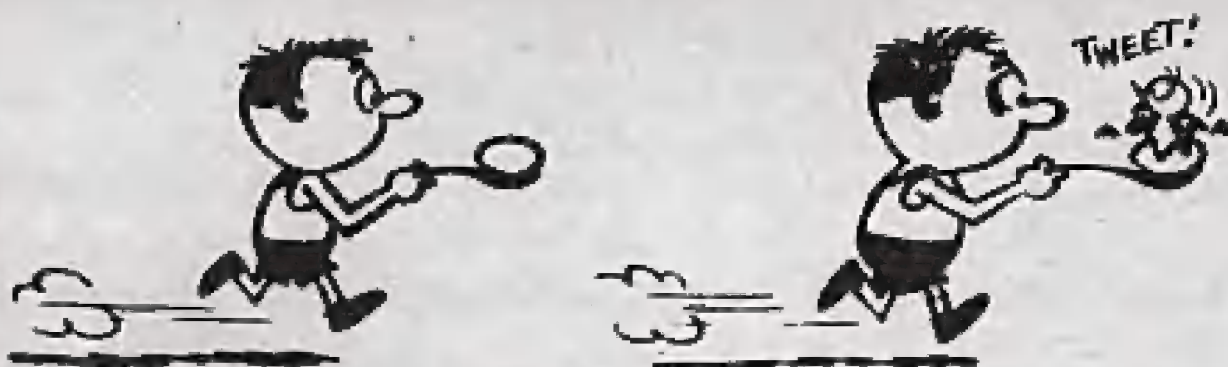
Ivan was soon rubbing his hands with joy, and the peasant made sure that the loot was divided fairly.

Then, bundling up their windfall, they made ready to depart. Ivan was eager to get away from this awful graveyard. But the peasant caught him by the arm. "Just a minute my friend. Where is the copeck you owe me?"

"Be reasonable, my dear chap," replied Ivan, with a sly grin. "In all this treasure, there was not a copper copeck. So how can I pay you?"

The peasant realised it was hopeless to argue further, because no matter how much wealth Ivan possessed, it hurt him to pay out a solitary copeck.





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